

The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

The Worm

The heading to a whole page of funny paragraphs the other day read: "What's the good of being the early bird if you don't like worms?"

And really, what is the use? There is such a thing as being the last person at a sale of short length lace curtains when you should be glad they were all sold before you rushed in or drove up. Your windows are inches longer than the extra length curtaining, and what on earth would you have done with the short, cheap pieces, even if it was self-satisfying to save 10 cents on every pair. Perhaps you would put them away until they got very yellow and dusty, and then took them out in a wave of munificence and sent them to your sister, who lived in the country, and would have much rather had half the money in sitting eggs. That is about the way we do things, though.

I don't know why, but all this nonsense about "preventing the dawning" and beating the sun out of doors never seemed in the least an invaluable creed, of course, if it is your morning to churn or plough or get the breakfast. I reckon it would be a pretty good plan to follow the old adage; but turn the other page, and under a very alluring picture you find written: "The general gets the credit, for he is the man behind." Sometimes tucked down in the farthest corner one comes across the best piece of ribbon, slightly soiled perhaps, but overlooked by that cluster of "early birds" that stormed the shop and left the bright and undaunted. Again, the basket is empty; there is nothing left.

Well, everybody knows the "worm" is what we are going after, and that all the early maulers in the world won't get him in most cases. Maybe it will take hours of hanging around after hours, perhaps the worm does not want the first people that come. Generally the worm is not playing around in the front yard either, a good deal of digging has to go on and some of the first to dig merely blaze the way for the fellow who is coming along with the second thought.

So well, so good, if you like worms, opportunity, whatever the name one might choose, but there is a great deal of some thought in that little doggerel rhyme after all. The man that goes quietly in behind the excited first, and just ahead of the jaded hanger-on, gathers the profits. So many times in the rush to be the "early bird" at an enterprise, one forgets entirely that the point in view is not the one they are after in the end.

BRENT WITT.

Brilliant Linings.

French women adore linings, and when a new coat, or stole, or muff is being chosen the lining is certainly as important as the outside material. Fine will have white satin linings covered with real lace; evening coats will be enchantingly lined with layers of chiffon in different shades, so that when the coat falls away from the shoulders a beautiful effect of color catches the eye.

Under-petticoats of vivid chiffon have the same result when the upper skirt is lifted. A tailor made of quite ordinary serge will be lined with a dainty silk flowered cachemire. In fact, linings are large items in the mind of the woman who understands the art of dress.

Nothing gives a surer note of distinction to a garment than its inside material, and one may go so far as to say that a tailor made of quite ordinary serge will be lined with a dainty silk flowered cachemire. In fact, linings are large items in the mind of the woman who understands the art of dress.

A Thackeray Anecdote.
The Pall Mall Gazette says: A delightful Thackeray anecdote (which, so far as one remembers, is new) has turned up at the dinner of the Colquhoun Club. The guests included Philip Newman, who recounted that his wife when a girl happened to go to the same school as the novelist's daughters and afterwards kept up an intimacy with the family.

One day, when she was out for a walk with Miss Thackeray, the latter mentioned that her father had started a new story, but was at a loss to decide upon the hero's name. The future Mrs. Newman, with her hand on her forehead, suggested that his name, "Philip," might serve the purpose.

At that moment who should have come up unobserved behind the two girls but Thackeray himself. Making his presence known by laying his hand on a shoulder of each of the young people, he asked why they were so deep in conversation. Thereupon Miss Thackeray turning around revealed the subject under discussion and told him her friend's suggestion as to the hero's name.

"Admirable," was Thackeray's verdict. "And now, my dear," he went on, "what is your own name?" "Charlotte," "Well, that's a very nice name, too," was the response, and Thackeray wore a look of satisfaction.

The result was the tale called "The Adventures of Philip," in which the principal woman character figures as "Charlotte."

For Gray Hair.

Gray hair undoubtedly requires more frequent shampooing than any other, and it is always wise to use the best grade of curative soap. The hair should first be made into a jelly. If the hair is exposed to dust indoors, cover it during the shampooing time with a cap, and, moreover, cultivate the habit of wearing a lace scarf over it on those short trips to a neighbor's home, when there is no need for formal headgear.

Don't Persecute your Bowels

Cent out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal—harsh—unnecessary. Try

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cures Constipation, Biliousness, Headache and Indigestion, as millions know.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

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MODELS FOR LINEN, FOULARD AND VOILE.

L'Art de la Mode.

Gowns of Net and Flowers

One hopes it is not going to be as bad this summer as the new lingerie gowns indicate. Nothing but mosquito netting with bunches of roses, as far as one sees now.

Maybe it's a hopeful sign, for nature plays a well-known trick on the manufacturers each year by turning the climate the opposite way from what was expected.

Now, these nettles would have served admirably last year from June to September 12, for that especial sun that rules us certainly had spots on it. If that is the real reason of heat, any fabric was the white man's burden on those days.

For that reason the manufacturers announced velvet with touches of fur. Well, the only living thing that wore a touch of fur last summer were the animals, who were not able to shave.

Working, therefore, by the doctrine of opposites, the coming season may be cool because of the abundant mosquito netting prepared.

What is this netting like? Quite coarse, and quite attractive, and heavily loaded with bulbous, full-grown roses put on by machine in a coarse white thread.

No colors have so far been used unless on some exclusive fabric kept away from the ordinary eye.

These roses are arranged so that they come on the lower part of the skirt; their placement on the bodice is left to inclination. Scrim is another thin and cool fabric that has been borrowed from the curtain counter. Often it has deep borders of open roses, usually pink, with green leaves; if there is a knot of light blue ribbon, so much the better. Much of this scrim sells for 25 cents a yard and has a border at each edge; it can be built into admirable draperies for voile or tulle slips.

Blouses of it are already attracting

attention. When the machine border is not used there is a cross stitch sampler pattern of embroidery done in dull pinks, blues and lavender.

The sandy Montenapoleons colors that have reigned so long are relegated toward the rear where handwork is concerned, although there is no diminution in the dash of brilliant blue and scarlet, of purple and brown, of green and yellow.

They are all with us again—those colors that have kept side by side with fashionable light opera, for even in that line it is hard to get away from Balkan and Dalmatian themes and costumes.

And so with scrim and coarse net resplendent in lingerie costumes, with voile and marquisette holding their own, and so much lace that the factories must have been kept running overtime—plenty they didn't turn over some work to the nonemployed in the petticoat factories—there are surely the right kind of materials to look cool in even if they do not lower the coming temperature.

It is to be a white season, too, and touches of lettuce green are allowed. Sounds good, doesn't it? However, it is not to be a white year as far as muslin gowns are concerned, for they are in the minority.

If you wear white choose satin of the new weave, which has been invented for everyday wear; or choose tulle, or thin corduroy or narrow wale serge; but if you choose the so-called lingerie fabrics, then you must tone them up with black, or a color if you prefer.

And there are so many charming ways of making this combination deep.

Have you seen the embroidered net frocks with a long tunic over an undershirt of plain white net, quite narrow, edged with a four-inch fold of black chiffon cloth and with black satin buttons placed from neck to edge?

It's such an attractive model,

Strange Coiffures Arrive From Paris

Coiffure fashions in Paris have been running riot of late, and the most notable eccentricities that are seen are concerned with the evening caps, which are of all manner of designs and influenced by any number of nationalities.

Eastern headresses predominate, heavy with gold and jeweled caprices, and disclosing wonderful trophies of plumage. The rajah cap has an aigrette in the centre ascending from a coronation of small diamonds, emeralds, rubies and pearls.

Then there is the Persian cap, a spun glass brush in the front, played out like the tail of a peacock and held by a beautiful and dazzlingly brilliant ornament.

Some of the national caps of France have been copied more or less closely for the well-dressed woman's wear. The breton, in gold lace incrustated with jewels and ornamented at the back with a huge plume, is one of them.

Eccentricities in coiffure arrangements abound. There is the Apache dressing, showing the hair absolutely straight, sweeping over the brow, in direct contrast to this more looking scheme there is the angel coiffure, parted in the centre, delicately waved and so arranged at the back that the shape of the head is not disguised.

The time has come for wearing plenty of prongs, barrettes and combs in the hair. It is a fashion that can be easily overdone, but that is very effective when observed with restraint. The blond tortoise shell slides and prongs with a very light latticework tracery of sparkling small diamonds are very effective, and there are dark tortoise shell and jet combs for those who like them.

The white ivory comb looks a little too much like the toilet table appurtenances to be acceptable at first sight, but it is a fashionable resource, in the ordinary manner it looks rather as if it had been left in the hair by mistake.

COURSE LACES HAVE COME INTO FASHION

Coarser laces are used in nightgowns than we are accustomed to seeing, and often the color is deep cream. On the newest models there is not the slightest suggestion of a ruffle. One or two of the finest embroidered nightdresses have the embroidery continued part way down in the front in the form of a panel. One such, of the finest batiste, all hand-embroidered, has a panel starting from the low-cut elaborately scalloped neck. Below the yoke, which is attached to the skirt part of the gown by narrow heading is a grouping of fine tucks which give the necessary fullness. Eighteen dollars does not seem exorbitant when the amount of exquisite handwork is considered.

Speaking of handwork—Maderia embroidery is playing no inconsiderable part in lingerie decoration this season. Some of the most beautiful effects have been achieved with it, in combination with laces. It is so very dainty and suitable for the purpose that one wonders it has not been used before.

Some of the new negligees are irresistibly lovely. Quite a new and pretty idea is a "matinee" in two pieces, a skirt and a jacket. It is made of soft China silk of delicate pink or blue, and most elaborately trimmed with two-inch Valenciennes lace in the form of large overlapping semi-circles enclosing smaller wheels of the lace.

The packet has a sailor collar and short sleeves, almost entirely of the lace.

The sleeves are slashed and decorated with ribbon bows, and there is a large ribbon rosette with long ends at the neck. The skirt shows no signs of the slim contour, but has a wide double flounce, the outer one elaborately lace trimmed and attached by a three-inch lace beading run with ribbon.

The sleeves and waist part carry medallions of the embroidery, outlined by the Valenciennes, and just below the arms is a very wide heading of embroidery, run through by a three and a half-inch satin ribbon. This forms a rosette at the back and two in front, all with long ends.

Eighteen dollars is the price. White cotton voile with a narrow pin stripe of blue, pink or lavender, is being tried out this season for negligees, and there seems no good reason why it should not prove popular. Certainly its washable qualities are beyond question, and its chances of crushing much less than some of the other materials used.

A new model of this fabric has a yoke of point de Paris insertion and an edging of the same lace. It fastens by straps of ribbon, ending in small rosettes, and the sleeves are also trimmed with ribbon straps and they hang.

Figured and embroidered Swiss is being largely used for negligees to be worn in hot weather. Sometimes this has a trimming of wide Nottingham lace and insertion, and the effect is very good. Most of the new negligees are high-waisted, the skirt and yoke part being joined by a wide heading of ribbon.

For sheer beauty and daintiness it would be hard to find an equal to a negligee of fine Swiss, delicately embroidered with sprays of flowers. Toward the hem the embroidery increases in elaborateness and is intersected by wide bands of German Valenciennes.

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The Grocer's Side of the Story

So much has been said about small dealers who cheat their customers by selling underweight, and so on, that the following extract from a letter from a grocer, published in the April Woman's Home Companion, is interesting:

"There are honest grocers, and one does not need a lantern and tub to find them. Look at the other side. Take coffee at 25 cents a pound. Mrs. Smith wants 10 cents' worth done up in a bag (that, of course, costs nothing), tied with string (that costs less), and delivered (which is even less a tax on the grocer). Does she get ten-twenty-fifths of a pound? Most certainly not; and any grocer who would give it to her deserves to go into bankruptcy. This coffee costs 21-2 cents per pound in 100-pound sacks; weight it out in 10-cent parcels, and you get slightly over ninety pounds. Where is the grocer's profit?"

"Another mistaken idea is that cash buys cheaper than credit. At the bargain counter of any and all kinds of merchandise and inferior grades it may; but of staples—no, decidedly no. If you get a staple, grocery or meat, at less than the regular price, there is something wrong with it."

"Again, if I weigh exactly and do not give downweight, I cannot keep Mrs. Brown's trade. She never kicks at half or one ounce overweight on her sugar or beat, and it is impossible to cut meat and shade it so finely; but if the scales do not come down with a bang, she complains of dishonest weights, etc. And Mrs. Brown is the personification of the housewife in America."

"There is another thing. Some Saturday night Mrs. Brown comes in and says: 'Mr. H., my husband was not working last week, I'd like to let my little account go over.'"

"She is a fair customer, pays once a week or month, and gets her credit at 'cash' prices, as every one else does in any reputable store, so it's 'All right, Mrs. Brown,' and I carry her right along for two or three months, paying my wholesaler every week or thirty days, as his terms may be. If she pays in the end, I'm safe; if not, I've lost."

"Now when sickness or loss of work intervenes, it is not the big 'cash' store, in the centre of town, on the main street, that helps the customer along; it is the little corner grocery in your neighborhood, that you have been maligning for not selling you a dollar's worth of goods for 99 cents."

Many Shades of Red.

The new combination in smart afternoon and evening gowns is tomato red, with the purple of Harbinger grapes. This red is one of the new shades of the fashionable colors, and is a lovely one, indeed.

Among its rivals are raspberry, watermelon, flame and geranium. Among the purples are grape, night royal, Vatican or cardinal purple and amethyst purple.

It is now a new fashion to mingle purple and red, but for a while it went out; now it seems to have returned through the insidious influence of Paul Poiret, who has never ceased to love and use it, so that it has become more credited to his name than to any other great designer.

A Little Conceit.

The chief of all abuses is to imagine that we are the centre of the universe. We have it on the word of a preacher, and you will agree that he was very impressive, though you may not be quite sure what he means. Certainly of all things that make people unpleasant company there is none more potent than a settled faith in their own supreme importance. A little conceit is no matter. If we none of us thought ourselves any better than we are, we should have to be so miserable that we should not be worth living with. But between a good opinion of yourself and the belief that all the world exists for you there is a large gap.

It is, of course, possible to argue that this elephantiasis of comfortable self-conceit, this conviction that the world was made for your sake, is a factor of infinite power in getting things done. From Napoleon to the humblest tyrant of the humblest home many a man has found a worship of himself and a disdain for everybody else the way to come by that he wants.

We need not deny that people can believe themselves of universal importance with the best intentions and sometimes with excellent results. Of all the million human beings since the world began who have believed themselves charged with a mission to reform the others some have been right.

But when we are thinking of ordinary people and ourselves, it is not worth while to make rules for the occasionally inspired exceptions. These exceptions will make rules for themselves and break ours with ease and equanimity.

You will be wise in doing your best to put aside all pretensions, to believe yourself an exception. It will be much more comfortable for you and everybody else if you are content to accept what is sauce for the goose is good enough sauce for you. In theory, of course, we all of us do this.

In theory we want no more than the same portion of consideration that other folks have. The trouble comes because we and they cannot agree about the reckoning. In these matters it is a sound, safe rule for general comfort to assume that if you think you have been unjustly treated, you are wrong. You will not always be wrong, of course.

The Ideal Dinner Table.

The modern dinner table is surely not all it might be from a man's point of view. It is, only too often, so full of distracting ediments and fripperies.

The useless plain napery, few but perfect flowers in low bowls, absolutely no "fancy" decorations, plain glass of sweet shape, white china service, plain silver, discreet lighting, and no "furniture" whatever—these are the essentials of a good and peaceful dinner table. Avoid being clever or original, or "superior"—it is so easy to be "superior." The best model upon which to work is the table of a really first-class restaurant, where one is not plagued by half a dozen different wine glasses, a multiplicity of forks and spoons, and casual ornaments at inconvenient corners. The requisite table furniture, knives, forks and the rest, appear by magic at the psychological moment, and one's elbows are unobscured by possible contingencies. Above all keep the flowers low; choose those that have no perfume, and see that the servants anticipate the wishes of the guests. It is a matter of training, but it can be done, and by no other means is ideal hospitality assured.